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DUBLIN ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We attended a meeting at the Rotunda last Monday, at which the establishment of this society was resolved upon. The proceedings are reported in the Newspapers. A piece of ground, for a garden, has been allotted in the Phoenix-Park. Whether it will be ultimately successful or not, it is pleasant to see the noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland throwing politics overboard, and co-operating in the cause of science. We were surprised that no proposal was made on Monday, to annex a museum of natural-history as part of the proposed plan: it would add very little to the expense, and would make the arrangement, in our opinion, much more complete; what is to become of the animals when they die, if they are not stuffed and preserved? We do not think that the society should confine its views merely to the promoting the interests of comparative anatomy.

By the bye, we happen to know that the annual outlay of the London Zoological Society is estimated at £7,000, but there the receipts amounted last year to £14,000.—Shall we in Dublin permanently muster the fourteenth part of that sum? We hope, rather than expect it. We wish the society every success.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CORINNE'S DREAM.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

(For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

It was of home, of household mirth
Among the happy poor,
Where children played around the hearth,
And flowers grew at the door;
Of home in many a quiet dell,
Where the corn waves, and the breeze
Bears home the wild-bee to its cell—
Sings in the alder trees.

That vision pass'd—another came,
Of love yet higher born;
But its spirit bowed the heart the same—
Its rose was on life's thorn:
The great, the brave, the wise, had part
In that influence of the sky;
It stole like music to the heart,
Like morn upon the eye.

And they were happy; king and seer,
The chieftain as the child;
For wisdom ceased to be severe,
And pow'r learned to be mild;
And if the joy that sprang from love,
Wore—like the birds—a wing,
It only soared to world's above,
And grew a deathless thing.

Then tears stole to the dreamer's eye,
And sighs half broke her sleep;
For a vision of herself drew nigh—
Sad—and in silence deep:
Upon the brow a laurel wreath,
Of fane the gift and sign,
But the soul a sepulchre beneath
For love—and not a shrine.

London, May, 1830.

ON REVISITING — IN THE COUNTY MEATH.

So the river mirrors the castle walls,
Just as it ever did!
And there they are, those old ruined halls
Half seen, half ivy hid;
As haughtily facing the autumn blast,
And wearing as royal an air,
And looking as jealous of glory past,
As I knew them in days that were.

The lightning, and time, and the wild night-wind,
All then have passed them by,
And left their green towers still dark out-lined
On the blue and quiet sky!
They have scorned to bow to the storms' strong grasp,
Which hath hurled down things more frail:
Scarce a grey stone stirred from the moss-wreath's clasp,
At its whirling and dirge-like wail.

And like silver sparkling in the sun,
The bright river rolls on yet;
And gem-like its graceful sweep upon
The grassy isle is set;
And in emerald freshness the still banks lie:
Oh! I remember all;—
How such things live while young hopes die,
And air-built castles fall!

The names too engraven here years ago
On the young tree's sun-gilt bark,
Now in the crims'ning evening's glow,
A memory-saddening mark;
I meet them as I roam along
O'er the yellow rustling leaves,
And thoughts, how many! o'er me throng
Of other autumn eves.

Z. Y.

HYMN,

FROM "THE PARADISE OF THE INDIANS," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY THE LATE H. C.

O Spirit of the Mountains! 'tis for thee
The enthusiast wakes the lyre;
Come, Spirit, from thy canopy
Of golden sunbeams, and inspire

His song! —
To thee belong
The thunder's red bolts, and that fire
'Gainst which may not avail the strong,
Nor what vain man deems mighty!
Spirit of waving Forests! thee he calls
From thy soft couch of violets
'Neath the shade
Of giant oaks, his song to aid;

And thee,
Dark Spirit of the Waters! from thy bed
Of snowy pearls, and corals red
T' inspire thy votary!
He is inspired—Hark to his strains!
The mountains echo, and the plains

Reply,
And the Spirit of the Flood
And Forest raise their voices high! —
It dies away in beauty: —

Again—
It bursts upon the ears,
Like the music of the spheres,
A symphony divine!
A glorious melody!

Yet must the Spirits of the Wood,
And flood, and mountain bow
Before another's shrine,
A mightier—even thine,
Spirit of Silence and Solitude!

GENIUS AND FEELING.

Oh! if aught can to genius a charm impart
More bright than life's own, 'tis the warmth of the heart;
In whose breath—of so genial and nourishing glow,
The bright flowers of feeling eternally blow:
Whilst streams of affection, though hidden their source,
Through meadows of thought, sparkle bright in their
course;
And where, though reserve may the streamlet congeal,
Awhile o'er the surface an iciness steal,
The strong tide of feeling runs gushing below,
'Till the ice is dissolved in pure sympathy's glow:
When buoyant it gleams in the sunshine of love,
Receiving its light from the regions above.
The bosom within seems a green hallow'd spot,
An Eden on earth, where all change is forgot—
Where Spring leads to summer—but Winter comes not!

True genius and feeling are twin in their birth,
Bright offspring of heaven—though straying on earth,
Are bound each in other, in essence so join'd
One period of being to both seems assign'd;
In their union a mutual charm is giv'n
Which fades in the moment that union is riven,
And when feeling has ceas'd in the bosom to live,
Not long can the gleaming of genius survive!
The gloom of neglect may their brightness o'ercast,
But lightly they beam when the shadow has past;
For they lie like the fires of volcanoes—that glow
Embosom'd in earth—beneath mountains of snow,
That slumber awhile, but will burst forth at length,
In the glory and might of invincible strength,
Shooting up to the skies in a heavenward spire,
In brilliancy born—and in glory t' expire!

M.

SONETTO.

O dolce selva solitaria, amica
De miei pensieri sbigottiti e stanchi,
Mentre Borea ne 'dì torbidi e maurchi
D'orrido giel l'aere, e la terra impica;
E la tua verde chimera ombrosa, antica,
Come la mia, par d'ogni intorno imbianchi;
Or, che n'avece di fior vermighi e bianchi;
Ha neve, e ghiaccio ogni tua piaggia aprica;
A questa breve, e nubilosa luce
Vo ripensando, che m'avanza, e ghiaccio
Gli spiriti anch'io sento, e le membra farsi:
Ma più di te dentro, e dintorno agghiaccio;
Che più crudo Euro a me mio verno adduce,
Più lunga notte, e di più freddi e scarsi.

MEMORY.

(From the German of Von Sassen.)

I think of thee, when from my native plains
Afar, mine eye with nature's tear-drop warms,
And when each sprightly grove, with lively strains,
Welcomes sweet Spring, unveiled in youthful charms.

I think of thee, when by the deep sea's roar,
Memory bids longing in my breast arise;
When, solemn sight! upon the silent shore,
A silvery robe the midnight moon-beams lies.

I think of thee, when darkling shadows trace
Each alder, on the waves that 'neath them roll,
While on the west, in evening's glow I gaze,
'Shall we meet there?' sighs forth my pensive soul.

I think of thee, of tenderer love than mine,
Forsaken 'mid thy country's cheerless plains—
In the saloon, when pallid suns decline,
Nor dreams the world, the maiden's inward pains.

(STANZA ADDED BY THE TRANSLATOR.)

I dream of thee, when sleep at length hath won
To close awhile, my watching-weary'd eyes—
When the first streaks of gold announce the sun
To thee, mine earliest orisons arise.

SHAHRIE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

The London University Magazine, it would seem, is defunct, as no Number has appeared for May. A new periodical, called the Family Magazine, has been commenced by the same publishers. It is conducted by Mr. Shoberl, the original editor of Ackermann's Forget-me-not.

A work entitled, Robert Emmet, or Ireland in 1805, by the Baron Edward Henry, has been recently published in Paris.

The Rev. Dr. Wiseman, rector of the English College at Rome, is now engaged in translating some Oriental works in the Vatican; he is a great friend of M. Angelo Mai. George Cruikshank is etching a series of Illustrations of popular works.

Churchmen and Dissenters in England and Wales.—The number of cathedral dignitaries is 755; of church livings, 10,872. Of the latter, 1014 are in the gift of the government: 3769 of the church; 794 of the universities; 197 of public bodies; 5030 of the nobility and gentry, and 63 of the inhabitants of the respective parishes. The total number of dissenting congregations is 7904; of these, 380 are Roman Catholics; 268 Presbyterian; 1683 Independent; 940 (particular) Baptist; 107 General Baptist; 366 Quaker; 2827 Wesleyan Methodist; 424 Calvinistic Methodist; 600 Methodists of other descriptions; and 241 belonging to the Home Missionary Society, and to other connexions. In the public schools in the two countries, there are 274,569 children in union with the National Society; 53,283 with the British and Foreign School Society; and 680,487 with the Sunday School Union.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abernethy's Physiological Lectures, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Thompson's Life of Raleigh, 8vo. 14s. boards.—A. M. Porter's Barony, 3 vols. 12mo. £1. 7s. boards.—Riley's Traditions of Lancashire, second edition, 2 vols. 8vo. £2. 2s. boards.—Paul Clifford, by the author of Pelham, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards.—The Muselman, by R. Madden, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards.—Original Letters of Locke, Sidney, &c. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Sadler on the Law of Population, Vol. I. and II. £1. 10s. boards.—Bowles' Life of Bishop Kerr, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s. boards.—Blake on Delirium Tremens, 8vo. 4s. boards.—Stoke's Botanical Commentaries, 8vo. 14s. boards.—The Armenians, by C. MacFarlane, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards.—Gell's Pompeii, Part I. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d. quarto proofs, 18s.—Barker's New First Class-Book, 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.—Babbage on the Decline of Science in England, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.—Mitford's Village, Fourth Series, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—First Love, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards.—Carpenter's Guide to Reading the Bible, 18mo. 5s. 6d. boards.—Hitchin's Christian Friend, 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.—The Pleasures of Benevolence, 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.—The Career of Woman, a poem, by C. Lewis, price 6s.—Levi and Sarah, or the Jewish Lover, post 8vo.—Clara Gazul, or honi soit qui mal y pense, 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—Hannibal's Passage of the Alps, 5s.—Monk's Alceste of Euripides, 8vo. fourth edition.—Bostock's Physiology, second edition, Vol. III. 15s.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

The unpublished sonnets of Dante and Alfieri, with the beautiful translations of them, have reached us from our distinguished friend in the South, and shall appear in an early Number. We have received Mr. Charles Doyle Silvery's communications from Edinburgh, and beg to return our thanks. We have to apologise to R.; the length and late arrival of his packet compelled us to postpone the subject till next week. We must see L.'s continuation, before we can decide. If our 'unknown friend' S.—r (whom we have endeavoured to gratify again this week), will send his servant to our publishers, he will get a private letter which lies at the office directed to his address.